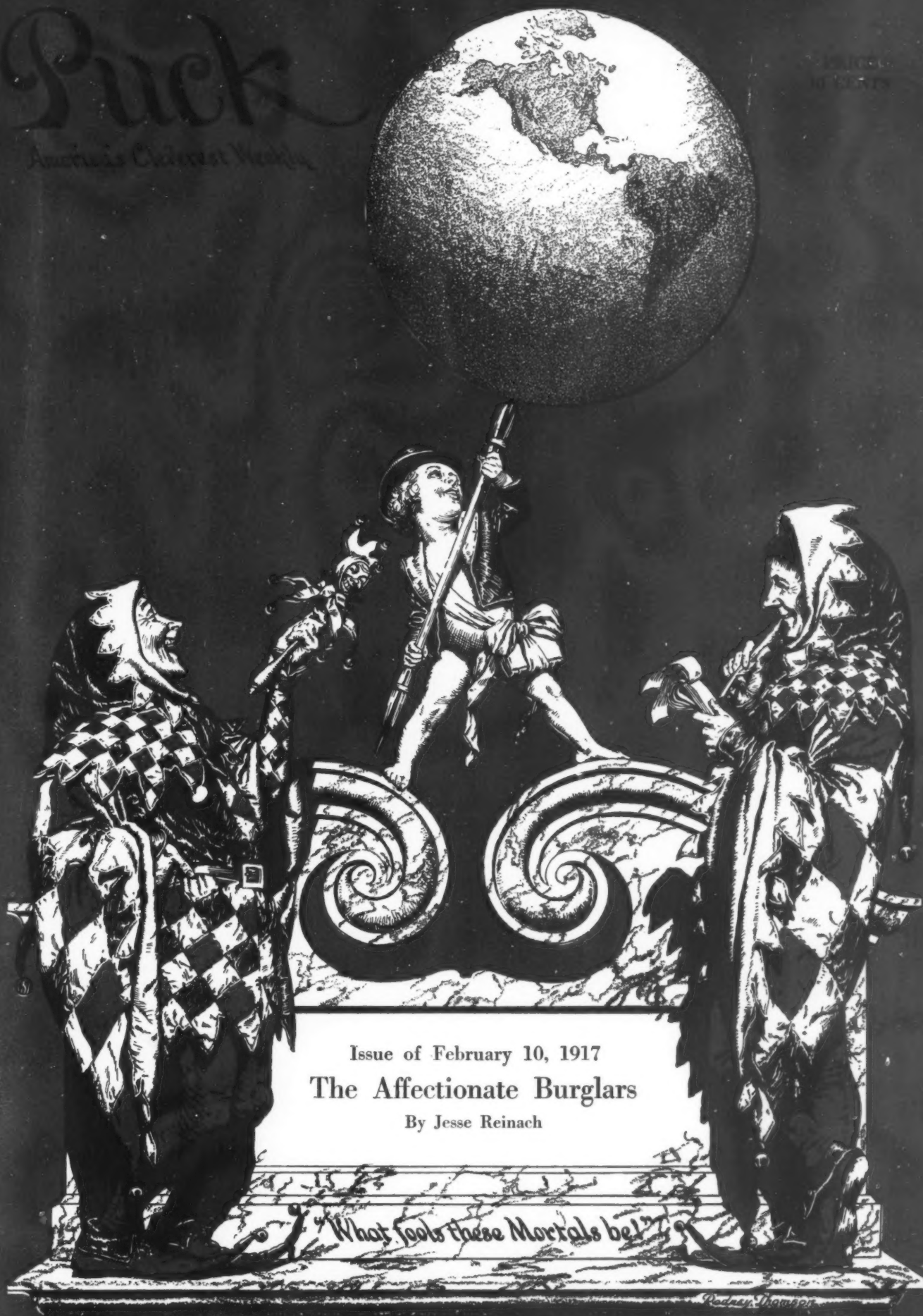


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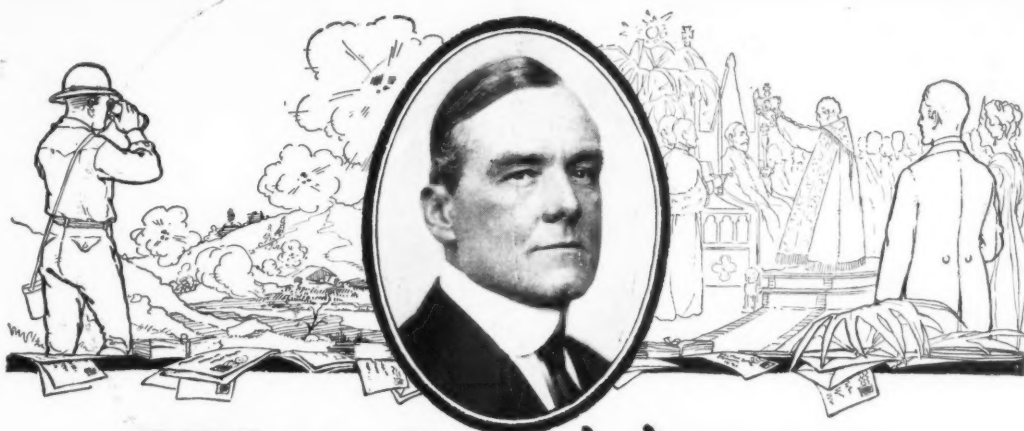
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Issue of February 10, 1917
The Affectionate Burglars
By Jesse Reinach

"What fools these mortals be!"

Rodney Thompson



His Letters

He met the wit and beauty of English society—he stood in the gorgeous splendor of the Russian Court—he admiringly watched the Boers wage their plucky fight on the veldts of Africa—he heard the bullets sing at San Juan—wherever things happened there was RICHARD HARDING DAVIS. Adventure had but to beckon and his seven league boots whisked him at once into action. The world was his playground. He was the Peter Pan of American Letters and to the last minute retained his fresh, unspoiled love of life.

In long, charming letters to his mother and family, written with boyish frankness and enthusiasm RICHARD HARDING DAVIS recounts his adventures from his entrance into the newspaper field in 1889. These letters, covering his most active and interesting years, have been gathered to-

gether and will be published serially in the Metropolitan, beginning in the March issue (on the newsstands February 8th). The writer's brother, Charles Belmont Davis, will add introductory paragraphs to the letters and provide a sequential form for their publication.

The Adventures and Letters of RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

begin in a notably bright and interesting number of America's Livest Magazine

We have with us again that delightfully real victim of calf love—no other than the well-known William Sylvester Baxter. His literary father, BOOTH TARKINGTON, relates another amusing escapade of W. S. B., who might have been you at the tender age of seventeen!

LEROY SCOTT, the first writer who has succeeded in putting the drama of New York's dress-suit underworld on paper, contributes a new detective Clifford story that will thrill the most hardened disciple of Sherlock Holmes.

There are two love stories of Metropolitan quality by DANA GATLIN and Sinclair Lewis; also the first of a big love and mystery novel of the Great Lakes by EDWIN BALMER and WILLIAM MAC HARG,—"The Indian Drum."

WILLIAM HARD who is in England for the Metropolitan gives us a vivid behind-the-scenes picture of Britain at War. THEODORE ROOSEVELT, who writes exclusively for Metropolitan, has a commanding contribution on Canada's part in the Great War and the lesson it should bring home to Americans.

There are eight big pages of ROTARY GRAVURE pictures, and a striking six-color cover design by HASKELL COFFIN, not forgetting the regular departments—ART YOUNG in Washington and CLARENCE DAY chatting in his own way on books, people and things.

This unusual magazine will be on sale at all good newsstands February 8th. If you are located where you cannot conveniently get to a newsstand mail fifty cents in stamps or cash to address below and the Metropolitan for three months, beginning with the March issue, will be mailed you postpaid.

Metropolitan

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What's The Funniest Thing That Ever Happened to you?

PUCK wants to find out how funny the world can be when in its most jocular mood. Everybody has had some funny experience. Write it on one side of the paper, keep it within 500 words—the shorter the better—and send it to PUCK previous to March 15th, 1917.

To the reader who relates the funniest experience in the most readable form, PUCK will mail a check for \$250.00 shortly after the closing of the contest. A second prize of \$150.00 for the next best, and a third prize of \$100.00 for the third best story, will be awarded at the same time. The editors of PUCK will be the judges, and entries not awarded a prize but considered available for publication will be purchased at our regular rates.

No entry will be returned unless stamps are enclosed for the purpose. Each entry should bear the name and address of the sender. It is not necessary to be a subscriber to PUCK in order to compete for these prize awards, nor is it essential that the experience be true, so long as it is funny.

Address your entry plainly

Funny Story Editor,

PUCK,

210 FIFTH AVENUE

New York

Puck announces for next week
Among others, the following features:

PUCK INTERVIEWS BERNARD SHAW

By OSIRIS COB

THE PURPLE PURP

By CAROLYN WELLS

WHY GAMBLING IS POPULAR

By KENNETH L. ROBERTS

THE FASHIONABLE ATTITUDE TO SOCIALISM

By OUR FASHION EDITOR

THE ILLS OF SOCIETY

An Amusing page

By ETHEL PLUMMER

ALAN DALE ON THE DRAMA

CARTOONS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

By

MACAULEY, HESS, BARTON, MORRIS

and others



D'Annunzio on his Modern Pegasus

Drawn by Julian Hess

D'Annunzio in an Air Battle

Interview by Osiris Cob

Our William James, one of the clearest and sanest thinkers that ever spilled ink on paper in the name of imperial Philosophy, divides the race into two classes — the tender-minded and the tough-minded. He himself, like all great, virile, masculine doers and dreamers, was one of the rough-minded. His ideals were made of bronze, not of mucilage.

The tender-minded have a mission — it is to act as a brake on the tough-minded; and the tough-minded have a mission also — and that is to see that the Tolstois, Bryans and Bellamys do not get the upper hand in a world where all is war, from the germs that battle in the body to the stars that battle against one another for standing room in space.

But the tough-minded in the end stay with us because they make the appeal to the primal truths in us; and Napoleon's name will outlast the name of Tolstoi (Tolstoi made war in the name of non-resistance, though his lack of a sense of humor forever precluded him from noticing this slight fact) and the name of Gabriele d'Annunzio, whose voice roused tax-ridden Italy to war, will outlast that of Romain Rolland.

I bring not peace but a sword is the eternal slogan of humanity, and will be so long as we are not fatigued and still believe that peace and comfort are only by-products. The ideals for which we have laid down our lives by the million may be Chimeras invented by Satan, but it is better to die for a superb and impossible illusion than to rot out in the sweat shops of "civilization" or find your beatification in the heavens of a cowardly respectability.

D'Annunzio, Italy's greatest poet, her veritable superman, and her horned angel with triple tongues of sulphur, is one of William James' "tough-minded." He is one of the archangels of the imagination jailed in a skull — and more. He roused the Will-to-Power in the Italian soul. In this war neutrals are neuters, and He "that sitteth in the Heavens shall laugh" at the race that does not fight and die for "a thing not seen of the eyes."

I met d'Annunzio at Venice, and when I spoke to him of an interview for Puck he was delighted, but told me it must take place in his aeroplane, as he was going "over the lines."

His driver, begoggled, "sewed up," furladen, helmetted, I had not seen, as he was ready for the flight when I got to the hangar. The poet and I took our seats in back over a basket filled with a goodly array of bombs, some of which d'Annunzio told me were filled with deadly materials and some with his poems.

"Personally," he said, "I prefer poems to bombs — but both make an equal appeal to the imagination of the world. War and poetry are closely allied, and peace has yet

to have its battle-hymn, and there is no Homer or Virgil known who has given us an Epic of Pacifism."

He had never heard of Young's "Night Thoughts."

As we rose in the air into that unquenchable and blasting blue of the Italian heavens the motor drowned our voices and we conversed by means of paper and fountain pens between bomb-tossing and our gyrations toward Gonnitzia and Trieste.

The marvel of the ride, and the pursuit of the Austrian aeroplanes! And that mysterious driver in front of us sat like Patience on the Skull of Humanity, immobile, implacable.

I asked him many things, to none of which he replied, or, rather, wrote a reply. His face shone like a dark and sinister Glory through that mask, and his black eyes were like two moons in eclipse, in the center of which burnt two tiny but profound and murderous suns.

He was on the roof of his soul. Danger, Death, Life, Frenzy, the sublime Furor Dementia of the great poets possessed him.

I was literally riding the clouds with a god.

He wrote out these things for me while the Austrian aeroplane guns sang their mystical chant of massacre to our backs: —

"I have organized death — I, Gabriele d'Annunzio. I believe in war because I believe in life. To live life fully is to face death with disdain. I court the Ineffable, and I mock at my detractors as I mock at the death that is following us.

"I preached this war because all wars are holy. You will find that in the Old Testament — the greatest of all books. I know not men and their miseries, their sins, their sufferings — I know only Man, who is the hero of a mysterious epic.

"There is no war that has not been a good war. Bah! Not 'good' in the sense in which fat and sleek parsons use that word. But good in the sense that all that makes for life through death and sacrifice is good. War is as sublime an ideal as peace.

"I do not care what Italy's fighting for. But I do know that this war will be her rebirth, as it will be the rebirth, the baptismal fire, of all the nations engaged in it. I have looked beyond the individual, and in my enormous Eye there float the wonder and the glory and the Everlasting yea of man to Life visible in this almost mythical war."

Higher and higher we flew, and the trenches below us looked like mazes of white spool cotton, and the guns sounded like the roar of seven seas.

D'Annunzio hurled a bomb on a trench every once in a while. And that mysterious driver sat like a Sphinx frozen at the Pole.

Then another piece of paper was shoved into my hand. It said: —

"I attitudinize? Well, I am Proteus."

"I rant? Well, I am Prometheus.

"I am preposterous? Well, I am Don Quixote."

"I contradict myself? Well, I am Parabrahma."

We were riding on a golden cloud. The Austrians were far behind us. The Adriatic looked like a vast mirror painted by Renoir.

Again: —

"They call war — this war — sordid, mean, and pure machinery. They mean that the age has killed the imagination of man.

"The imagination transfigures everything. Without that man is only a total-adder, a logic-machine, a cow.

"There is as much poetry in the world to-day as there ever was or ever will be. We poets, we supermen of the dust, we glorifiers of the commonplace and transfigurers of the familiar, know this.

"As I am an impersonal being — like all elemental beings — I have no conscience. I am without moral sense — like the eagle and the gods! Ah! that cruel Moral Sense that your own Mark Twain so ridiculed and anathematized in his wonderful romance of Satan, 'The Mysterious Stranger!' That is what's the matter with humanity — its Moral Sense. Greece never had it. It is the glory of paganism that it had no conscience; hence knew not sin and evil — only pain and pleasure; which are the holy retorts of Beauty.

"And I desire to drag my beloved Italy back to the source of its being. Hence I fanned the flame of war and set the sword above the cross. Pagan and Nietzschean, I am, with Marinetti, a bugle of the Coming Time, a herald of the second advent of Aphrodite and Apollo and Bacchus!"

And now we flew into the wild winds of a thunder cloud. A sudden syncope of the sun. And the lightnings flung their mighty arms around us, and the thunders trumpeted like stupendous elephants.

And again: —

"The devil's dance of Humanity which is called progress is carried on by a series of crimes. It is the molluscs and mummies versus the trespassers. I am a trespasser.

"The human race is divided in halves. On one side are the poets; on the other side there is the rest of humanity, who must obey us, whether we call ourselves Buddha, Napoleon, Hugo, Wagner, Bismarck, Garibaldi, Washington, Shelley, Nietzsche or d'Annunzio."

Bang! Zipp! We were back over the Italian lines, safe in the top of a sapling that looked as though it didn't care three cans of condensed milk about wars, supermen, poets or mere reporters.

When we climbed down the tree to the ground we stripped ourselves — all three — of our furs and masks and goggles.

And then I recognized our driver. It was Duse.

Grinagrams

Opinions differ in London as to whether the door to peace has been barred by the Allies' note. Some think it has, but others profess to see in the note "a skilfully framed basis for negotiations." Thus Peace descends to the moral level of the "joker."

Those who "denounce Lawson as a muck-raker" should pause and consider. Raking muck is a sober, methodical operation; Lawson doesn't *rake* muck; he throws it, as it were, at an electric fan.

If these diet experiments continue, the strictly wideawake café keeper will shortly hang out a sign: Free hot calories all day.

Over half a million dollars in free-will offerings has been the Rev. Billy Sunday's material reward since he entered the revival business. A rough miner person, with none of the polish of civilization about him, might class the sawdust trail as "pay dirt."

A wire from Berlin states that the Socialists in the Prussian Diet "have split." 'Twas ever thus, alas! Indeed, there is but one thing that splits easier than Socialists, and that is red cedar when it is good and dry.

"The work of the Duma is being more and more energetically paralyzed."
— *The news from Petrograd.*

Add list of rare diseases: energetic paralysis.

Deported Belgians are permitted by Germany "to correspond with their families" at home. Germany may even go so far as to furnish each Belgian with "a scrap of paper" for writing purposes.

"Not only do American children as a class fail to gain either knowledge or power through the traditional curriculum — they spend an inordinately long time in failing."
— *Dr. Abraham Flexner.*

True; but every now and again one of them acquires the knack of getting the pigskin away for a 70-yard spiral.

Annette Kellermann has left the movies temporarily and is now swimming daily at the Hippodrome. It must seem strange to get back to clothes again.

S. M. Roosevelt, an uncle of the Colonel, at a dinner last night, gave his guests real lion to eat.
— *Local news item.*

At last a dish worthy of the family name!

"I am sincere when I say that the Standard Oil Company was founded upon high moral principles."
— *President A. C. Bedford.*

Boy, page Miss Ida M. Tarbell.

Sunday, February 11, will be the official opening of the Billy Sunday campaign in New York City, and on that day, so the announcement reads, every minister will

be asked to preach a Billy Sunday sermon. Rather a large order. A majority of the local clergy could not, in all likelihood, even walk on their hands once across the stage, let alone deliver a complete Sunday discourse.

Considering his deftness with the whip, Harry Thaw might make a conspicuous success in the part of Simon Legree, with some "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company. So long as the company stayed on the road, and never came within hail of Broadway, New York would gladly move to make the engagement indefinite.

"God be with you, old scouts!"
— *Billy Sunday's adieu to Boston.*

The new benediction.

Coal is so scarce in Paris that all of the big laundries have been compelled to shut down. Henceforth, a man with a soiled collar will excuse himself on the ground that he is but following the latest Paris fashions.

The California young lady who sent King George a pair of pink silk pajamas may expect to receive a short, sharp cablegram from Queen Mary.

"Only a peace between equals can last: only a peace the very principle of which is equality and a common participation in a common benefit."
— *President Wilson's World League address.*

When this obvious truth penetrates the minds of the men who decree tariffs — not alone in the United States but elsewhere — the world will be justified in reporting progress.

There is joy and inspiration for jingoes in a recent remark by Professor Taft. "If the science of war advances in the next war as it has advanced in this over the last war," observes the Professor, "there will be no room for neutrals." The science of war, in other words, will have outgrown its



PUCK-LINGS



Two's company, three's a crowd.

striding science is bound to make inevitable. How puny is our present-day Preparedness! Contemplate the bull-movement of munition stocks, of Bethlehem Steel, when Mars, the very home of War, threatens Mother Earth.

Being ever in search of sensation, the Sunday newspaper will ultimately print the story of a returned American who did not drive an ambulance in France.

To select an officer for promotion not because of his personal qualifications, however great these may be, but because good fortune placed him in a position to win favor from the appointing power, is to realize the worst fears concerning the possible dangers of selection.

— *The Army and Navy Journal.*

What case can the Army and Navy Journal have in mind? Doubtless, the Leonard Wood promotion by Roosevelt.

Travel has been rendered safe for the pedestrians in Oyster Bay by placing silent policemen at the most congested corners of the village.

— *Long Island news.*

Let the silence extend to Sagamore Hill.

The future of practical politics is pretty dark. With Washington both "dry" and porkless, it may be as hard to get recruits for Congress as it is to get them for the Army.

LINCOLN



JACK SEARS

opportunities, its limitations; a mere earth-wide strife will hardly tax its powers. Surely, this being the case, it is not too soon to prepare for the inter-Planet warfare which



— Drawn by Julian Hess

Recently a Danish weekly opened a symposium on the following question put to others and to me: "Has the present world war destroyed or strengthened your faith in a future permanent peace?"

I realize the lines of thought which led to this question.

The ease with which it was possible to humbug the peoples into the belief that a reckless, wanton war of aggression was mere self-defence, the sheeplike readiness of the millions to sacrifice with hurrah-roaring their fortunes, health and lives for a conquering and plundering expedition from which they themselves could expect no advantage whatever, constitute such a temptation for unscrupulous statesmen, or, let me say, without mincing words, for scoundrels in high positions, that after present experience they will be more than ever tempted by means of big guns, submarines, and airships to turn into realities their fancies or whims. Consequently, the present world war is apt to shatter or wreck the faith in a future permanent peace.

On the other hand, this world war with its massacres, destruction and crimes of all sorts, brought so much misery on a whole continent; it is such an evident relapse into the most ancient savagery; its outcome, whoever may win, will so surely be an unexampled annihilation of human lives, of values and of hopes without any compensation whatsoever, except the glutting of the most bestial instincts of cruelty, overweening and lust of power in some successful survivors, that even the most arrant blockhead must

The Future of War and Peace

By Dr. Max Nordau

draw from it the lesson that a war of aggression is the most stupid, criminal and unprofitable venture that can be conceived, and that nobody will ever again be such an ass as to undertake it.

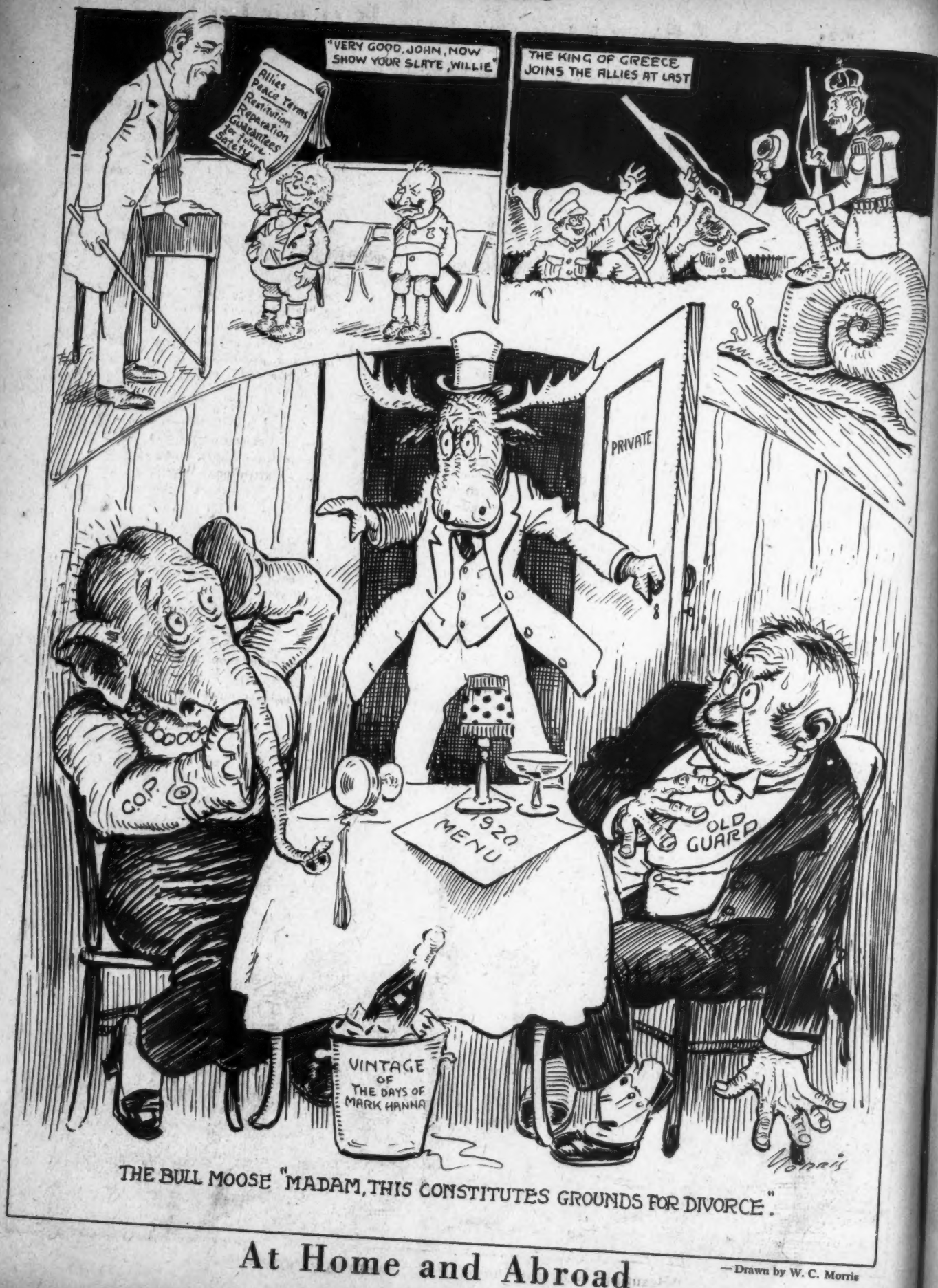
Both assumptions are a delusion. In order to serve one way or the other as a lesson, that is to say, as a stimulant or a warning, the world war must, of course, be remembered. Now the peoples entirely lack historical memory. This is a fact which is commonly lost sight of. The events that shake the world to its deepest foundations live in the mind of man exactly for three generations; in the first that was their acting and suffering contemporary, in the following that was too young to participate in them but saw their effects upon parents and human surroundings and grew up amidst constant talk about them, and lastly, in the third, to which they were related by the second as a family matter and an adventure of youth. Afterwards the remembrance fades out of consciousness and merges into the haze of the general past of mankind, or pales down to a vague legend which no longer has any power to exert a decisive

influence on the determination and acts of men. History is familiar to the cultivated only. It is preserved by literature. It is mere book lore, but not a living, efficient part of popular consciousness.

True, history is taught at school. But who is it that introduces it in the program of national education? Those persons, groups, or classes that intend to live on the real or sham deserts of their forbears, and they take care that it is taught in such a manner as to strengthen their positions, to enhance their authority and to further their interests. One may be quite sure that, of the actual world war also, the coming generations will only learn what the men in power of their time will choose to let them know. Field Marshal von der Goltz, when Governor-General of Belgium, said at the beginning of the war to an American special correspondent who asked him how Germany will excuse before history her violation of Belgium's neutrality: "History? It's we that shall write the history." I had said this before the field-marshal, only without the authority which thick epaulets confer. It is always the conqueror who writes the history. He tells the tale to his own advantage and only laughs at the vanquished one if he tries to give him the lie and to rectify falsehoods.

No conclusion as to a warlike or peaceful future is to be drawn from the present world war. The sufferings of the war, however appalling, make no impression on later generations, that have not experienced them

(Continued to page 24)



The Affectionate Burglars

By Jesse Reinach

Five of the finest burglars at large sat at a table in Kelly's back room and passed around the ha-ha. In the hands of their debonair leader, Buck Bannister, was a New York newspaper, and he was reading from it as follows:

PATERSON, N. J., May 10:—The occasion of the seventh visit of Burglars to the jewelry store of Henry Schulz, 264 Sackett street, in the last two years, has moved him to adopt a novel method of shooing off ambitious crooks. He says his losses are between \$40,000 and \$50,000. The seventh haul was made last Friday, when \$10,000 in uncut diamonds and rough gold was taken. He has had the following notice printed in the local papers:

NOTICE TO BURGLARS

"Members of your profession have called upon us with great profit to themselves many times of late. We feel that we have done our share toward your support. We would deem it a great favor if you would take your trade elsewhere, at least until we recover from the many losses which are unfortunately our own. We are on the verge of bankruptcy. Do you want us to go over the brink?"

The burglars laughed, but in their laughter was no trace of coarseness or malice. They were cultured burglars, with educated tastes for apparel and fine wines, and well exercised in the fine art of polite conversation. Being successful burglars, their art brought them considerable royalties. They spent their money in the experienced manner of the discriminating bon vivant.

"In all our experiences with this man Schulz," said Buck Bannister, "we've never seen him, but he certainly must be some peach of a fellow. Takes it all like a good sport—doesn't set up a cry that you could hear all the way to Canada and back. He knows that we're regular human beings, and that we can be his friends if we only want to. I'm for Schulz, fellows. I tell you what, let's all drink to him."

"Sure."

"Great idea."

"Schulz's the boy."

"Here's to him."

Bill, the attendant, had set the glasses of cognac upon the burglars' round table, and the cracksmen now rose, clinked goblets, solemnly chorused, "To Schulz, a gentleman though a jeweller," and gulped the comforting liquid.

Then they seated themselves once more and spent a quiet half-minute gazing at one another and at their empty glasses. The silence was broken by Shifty Steve McGraw, who fingered the stem of his goblet as he spoke.

"Think—just for a minute—how much we owe to him," said Steve. "If it wasn't for that easy back window and that ancient safe of his, we wouldn't have been in a financial position to go down to Palm Beach last winter. And you remember, of course, what a delectable time we had down in Palm Beach."

"Do I? Oh, speak to me of Palm Beach," raptured Hefty Devine. "Oh, those blissful days! Those glorious evenings! And the young ladies on the beach! M-m-m-m! And after all it's Schulz I've got to thank for all my happy memories. If he hadn't been so careless as to —"

"Don't forget that little outing down in Hot Springs," cut in "Scissors" Burke. "You can talk about your Palm Beach all you want, but Hot Springs is what I particularly desire to remember. Recall, also, that we made that little jaunt on the proceeds of a midnight visit to Schulz's store—a year ago last March, to be exact."

"For my part," said Hennessy, "I prefer to think of that exuberant month in 'Frisco, when all was gay and we were never sober. Schulz, Schulz"—the burglar rocked his head from side to side—"it was on your jewelry"—

"Oh, quit that slobbering," interrupted Bannister, disgustedly.

"Slobbering?" queried Hennessy, innocently.

"Yes, slobbering," reiterated Bannister. "If I could have foreseen that you would all carry on this way over a man you never saw, I would never have called that news item to your attention. What ails you fellows, anyway? You all look as if you'd just lost your best friend. Do you like Schulz as much as all that?"

"We certainly do," they chorused, almost snivellingly.

"Then why weep over him? He isn't dead yet."

* * *

It was a dark evening in Paterson. In all Sackett street but one light burned, where the shop with the sign, "Schulz's Jewelry Emporium," beacons its presence through the night.

Here, through the show window, could be seen a small man with a shiny bald head. He was removing articles from the interior show cases preparatory to placing them in

(Continued to page 20)



"Beautiful, beautiful," he replied, "you are truly my friends."

The Treating System (If Women Indulged)

SCENE: *The Corner drugstore.*

PERSONS: MYRTLE, a prominent stenographer.

GENEVIEVE, a rising young candidate for Congress. LEONORA, a prosperous millinery buyer.

(GENEVIEVE and LEONORA enter, L, and line up at the counter. They greet the drink-mixer, and LEONORA helps herself to a handful of marshmallows from the free-lunch bowl.)

LEONORA: What'll you have, dear?

GENEVIEVE: This is mine. What'll you have, dear?

LEONORA: Oh, hush, my dear! This is on me! I asked you to come in here. What'll it be?

GENEVIEVE: I don't know; what are you going to have?

LEONORA: I think I'll have a mint chocolate.

GENEVIEVE: That suits me. Give us a couple of mint chocolates, George.

(They help themselves freely to marshmallows while GEORGE mixes the mint chocolates.)

GENEVIEVE: Well, here's looking at you, old dear!

LEONORA: Over the river.

(They drink.)

GENEVIEVE: Well, let's have another.

LEONORA: No more for me, thanks. I promised Ed I'd be home for dinner.

GENEVIEVE: How perfectly absurd, you old thing. Give us a couple more of those mint chocolates, George.

(GEORGE gets busy.)

LEONORA: There's Myrtle! Oh, Myrtle! Yoo-hoo!

(Enter MYRTLE, L.)

GENEVIEVE: Just in time, Myrtle. What do you say to a little snifter before dinner?

MYRTLE: Hello, girls. Really, I'm off that stuff. Nothing for me, thanks. If you insist, I might take a small bottle of toilet water.

GENEVIEVE: Fudge, my dear! Have a regular drink.

MYRTLE (weakly): What are you drinking?

GENEVIEVE: Mint chocolates. Make it three, George.

MYRTLE: No; wait a minute. I'll have a raspberry ice-cream soda with malted milk.

GENEVIEVE: Shake it up, George.

(GEORGE shakes, while MYRTLE, GENEVIEVE and LEONORA discuss the proper method of crocheting baby-jackets.)

LEONORA: Well, girls; here's hoping you never see the back of your necks.

MYRTLE: Happy days, old dears.

GENEVIEVE: Shoot!

(They drink.)

MYRTLE: Well, I guess I'll buy a little drink. Name your poison.

GENEVIEVE (giggling): Make mine a vanilla in-and-out, with grated cinnamon.

LEONORA: I might take a shot at that.

MYRTLE: It sounds pretty vicious. Let 'em roll, George.

(GEORGE lets 'em roll)

MYRTLE: Well, here's hoping.

LEONORA: Here's to your beautiful eyes, Myrt.

The Young Lady Across the Way

By Harry J. Westerman



We observed to the young lady across the way that an ordinary dish of stewed prunes contains 491 calories and she said wasn't it terrible the way they adulterate everything nowadays?

GENEVIEVE: Yes, here's mud in your eye, Myrt, old scout!

(They drink.)

GENEVIEVE: Now this one is mine. Drink up, girls. Let's settle down to a little steady drinking.

MYRTLE: I might catch just one more.

LEONORA (weakly): I told Ed I'd be home at six, but —

GENEVIEVE: Oh, lay off that old-home stuff, Leo, old kid. Come on, what'll it be?

MYRTLE: I'll tell you what let's do: let's have just one more round, and then sit down somewhere and get a bite to eat.

GENEVIEVE: Myrt, old dear, you said something. George, shake up three coffee

sodas with double syrups, and have a cake of soap for yourself.

(The three drinkers burst into hilarious talk and laughter; and a policeman, passing the drugstore, shakes his head ominously.)

CHARLOTTE RUSSE CURTAIN.

— Kenneth L. Roberts.

Staggering

THE SUFFRAGIST: What is a party without women?

A MERE MAN: A stag party.

THE SUFFRAGIST: Precisely. And what, sir, would this nation be without women but stagnation.

How to Solve the Traffic Problem

By Samuel Hoffenstein

The unprecedented congestion of traffic in the streets of New York is due to the three following causes —

1. The number of people.
2. The number of vehicles.
3. The traffic policemen.

The profoundest scientists, after years of research in various abstruse branches, have agreed that by removing the causes, we remove the effect. A momentous and world-shaking discovery of this kind has almost invariably resulted in the scientist's well-earned retirement to the privacy of the newspapers and the controversial forum, leaving to some fellow solon the comparatively trivial matter of removing any causes he might discover.

We, however, are not that kind of a scientist. We are ready, like the tailor in the fairy story, to kill seven or eight flies at one blow. Having discovered the causes, we shall now proceed to explain how they may be eliminated.

The first cause of the congestion being the excessive number of people, it devolves upon the authorities either to reduce the number of people or to keep them off the streets.

The most obvious, as well as the most humane method of effecting the former, would be to kill them off. This could be done in various ways, a few of which we beg to enumerate for the edification of the municipal law-makers —

1. By closing the moving-picture theatres. This would not only kill the moving picture actors, who comprise two-thirds of the population, but the remaining third as well, who would perish of emotional anemia in three days.

2. By suddenly lowering the cost of living. The entire population would die of shock.

3. By forbidding the newspapers to print pictures of debutantes. This would kill the female population. The men would follow.

4. By forbidding restaurants to serve dancing with their meals. This would eliminate half the population by starvation.

The best way to keep the people off the streets would be to obviate the necessity of their going to work. This could be simply and easily effected by making work a misdemeanor punishable by a fine not to exceed half the proceeds of their leisure.

Another method would be to make the home attractive. This could be done by appointing a janitor to each apartment, whose business it would be to spend the evening with his tenants and divert them with amusing anecdotes regarding the habits of the landlord and the radiator, the idiosyncrasies of the milkman, his own tastes in Christmas gifts, etc.

As to the necessity of reducing the number of vehicles, the following methods could be employed:

1. Permitting the public to shoot chauffeurs.

(Continued to page 26)

A Problem



— Drawn by Lou Rogers

THE POLITICAL HALF-ORPHAN: "Ain't there no mothers in New York State?"

Q Do you know that there are some 50,000 charity children cared for by New York State every year?

Q Do you know that the policy controlling these children is wholly determined by men?

Q There is the Governor at the top, sort of a *pater familias* to the whole group. There is the State Board of Charities, which inspects and supervises the children. Besides these officials there are supervisors of the poor in the counties and the mayors in the cities. The mayors have commissioners of charities under them and the commissioners of charities have deputies and all of them have a hand in managing these children's destinies. The judges of the juvenile court also have a good deal to say.

Q These officials are all men, not a single woman in the lot. Even if there were the Mothers of the State would still have nothing to say about the care of these children, because VOTES make the appointments.

Fashion in World of Thought

Conducted by Louis Weinberg

The Latest in Criminology

Being fashionable sometimes hurts. But when collars are worn high, to the elite choking is preferable to dowdiness. The fashion editor therefore frankly confesses at the outset that the new attitude to the criminal may be one of the most difficult to maintain smilingly.

No matter how you may feel about white slavers, horse thieves, burglars and prisoners, if you wish to be up to date you must be solicitous about their health, their comfort and recreation, at least in your conversation.

For the thought-fashion of to-day when the criminal is under discussion is solicitous regard not for yourself but for him. Time was when society protected itself from the criminal. The new attitude is that the criminal must be protected against society.

As three out of every four plays deal with the respectability of the criminals, and the criminality of the respectables, the subject is a common one and the following model had best be studied until the phrases fit naturally.

Model Conversation

SOCIAL WORKER: Did you read that Gyp, the Gump, has been found guilty? Sentenced to ten years.

DEBUTANTE: Poor, poor white slaver. What an outrage! When will society learn how to treat its criminals?

PROFESSOR: Oh, society is learning. He was sent to the Up-state Extension Department of Conundrum University.

MATRON: Well, that's one relief. It almost broke my heart reading about him. You know his grandfather's brother-in-law used to have epileptic fits. So there's a taint in the family. It's all heredity.

STUDENT OF EUGENICS: Well, the sins of one grandfather's brother-in-law may be visited on the third and fourth generations, but that's punishment enough without jailing them.

PROFESSOR: He was fortunate at that to be committed to the University Annex. How did it happen?

POET: Oh, you see, the Amalgamated Union of Poets sent in an interceding petition. He has talent. The letters he wrote to the girls interested them.

DEBUTANTE: How many great souls go wrong through the environment society throws them in.

POET: Yes, and when society has misused them, it adds insult to injury. The day will come, the day must come, when society will realize its debts to the criminals. It will pity the victims of heredity. It will make every amend to the victims of environment.

TIRED BUSINESS MAN: You all sympathize so much with the pickpocket and the forger. Poor tempted mortals. How about the gilded sinners, the bank defaulters and the price manipulators. Aren't they tempted too?

PSYCHOLOGIST: I pity the defaulting poor

banker as I pity the poor white slaver. Temptation is the child of imagination. Only an unimaginative person can be respectable. People become criminals because they have vivid images of wealth without work instead of images of Symphonies, Statues and pictures filling their mind.

SOCIAL WORKER: But wealth without work is the image which we most vividly hold up to our children; money, money and more money combined with ease.

POET: Which only proves that the criminal is the man with the courage of his imagination.

PROFESSOR: Which only proves how simple a matter it would be to stop all crime. Simply keep the right mental images before the young. If we idealize baseball, every clerk will steal his master's time to see a game. If we idealize culture the worst he would

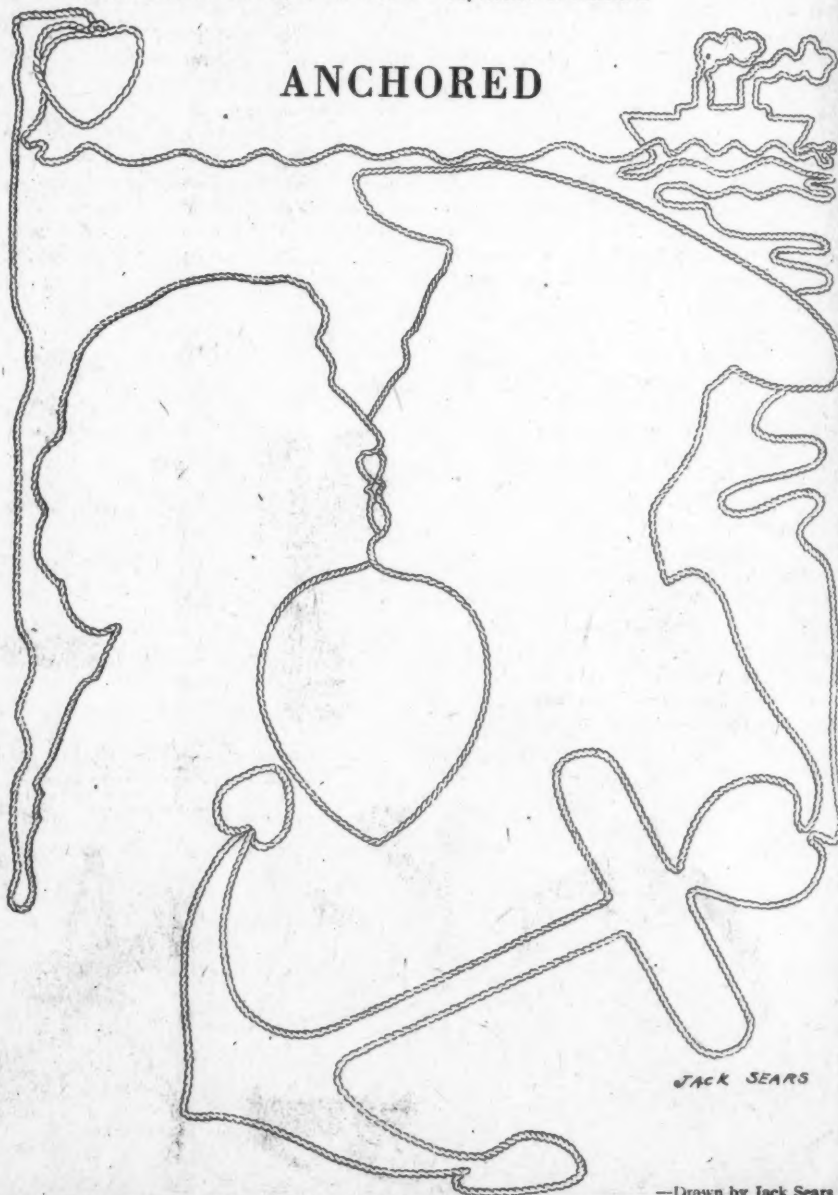
do would be to write 'vers libre' experiments on his way to the bank. The idea of running off with his master's funds would never occur to a young vers librist.

DEBUTANTE: All of which only proves what a crime against the criminal a prison is. If we can't abolish them, we should at least improve them. Libraries, printing plants for literary experiment, art craft studies, orchestras and schools of musical composition (the clanking of chains would be in the nature of primitive folk material), these would at least lessen the hardship of the loss of freedom.

MATRON: I know a young poet who is having a dreadful struggle to remain true to his ideals. Nobody will print his work. If only he could break into a modern prison, he might edit a magazine.

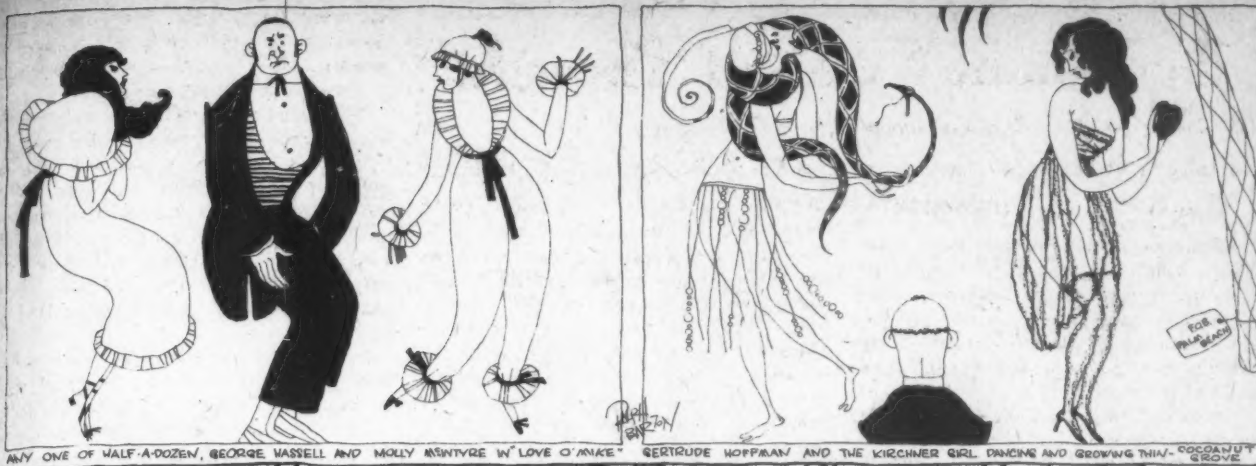
POLITE CYCNIC: Why, yes. In jail he and his kind, because of the governmental subsidy, could express themselves honestly, without worry about circulation, advertising, or the popular standards of taste. In our prisons lies the hope of the untrammelled art expression of America.

ANCHORED



JACK SEARS

—Drawn by Jack Sears



ANY ONE OF HALF-A-DOZEN, GEORGE VASELL AND MOLLY MONTYRE W' LOVE O' ANKE GERTRUDE HOFFMAN AND THE KIRSCHNER GIRL DANCING AND GROWING THIN. COCOANUT GROVE

PLAYS AND PLAYERS BY ALAN DALE

Poets write such silly things about midnight! They do, really. They talk of the mournful midnight hour, just as though grief occurred every night when the clock struck twelve. One of them actually said that the "dead of midnight is the noon of thought!" Ha, Ha! Even dear old William the Bard asked, "What doth gravity out of bed at midnight?" Isn't it all deliciously out of date, and un-New-York-y?

Gravity never is out of bed at midnight. Gravity sups and dances at the poetically called "mournful midnight hour," and grows unduly exhilarated. When senile decay has set in, it sups and dances even more vividly. Philanthropists, realizing all this—particularly theatrical managers, who are most strenuously philanthropic—do their level best to save the nightlight, just as economists do their level best to save the daylight. And all this is apropos of the latest midnight toy offered by the joyous Dillingham and Ziegfeld on the roof of the Century Theatre, in the name of the Cocoanut Grove.

What doth gravity out of bed at midnight? Why, gravity goes to the Cocoanut Grove of course, and tries to be gay. Naturally, you all know what gaiety is. It consists of decoration, light, girl, rag-time, and champagne. Anything else—well, anything else

isn't gaiety. It is just a miserable subterfuge. Dear gay old Manhattan! Oh, let us be joyful! Even the title of the new review at the Cocoanut Grove is inspiring—"Dance and Grow Thin." You notice the fat old dowagers hopping about, and the portly Falstaffs tripping it lightly, and you realize the aptness of "Dance and Grow Thin."

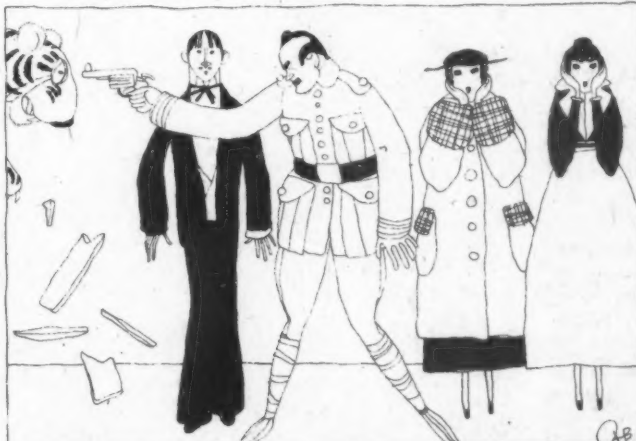
The Cocoanut Grove is very ornate, and golden, and opulent—in fact, frightfully opulent. Everything in New York is that, especially its Bohemianism. Bohemianism is plastered all over with the jocund dollar. Unless you have an enormous bank account, you really cannot afford to be Bohemian. Therefore the Cocoanut Grove is Bohemian.

It is quite delightfully so. It is supposed to suggest the South; it is decorated with women and parrots (I can see no possible connection!); it is copied from a famous dancing resort at Palm Beach, and Joseph Urban and Rafael Kirschner were told to go as far as they liked. They did, and apparently they were inspired. In fact, an episode called "The Kirschner Girl," in the second part, showed so many lovely ladies and displayed them so alluringly, that poor old gravity was routed irrevocably.

There were all sorts of quaint conceits evolved by Dillingham and Ziegfeld. In their particular line, they are not to be excelled. They are Parisian *plus* capital!

They have the artistic ideas of the French metropolis, and the wherewithal to bring them home to those who think in dollars. It is a great combination. No symbolism is necessary, for the dollar is there, large, vital and aggressive. Nothing finer than the Cocoanut Grove could be seen in any capital in the world. The beauty of the feminine contingent, the gorgeous colors of the accessories, and the aureate audacity of the enterprise itself must be acknowledged. It is useless to mention the names of those who helped to keep gravity out of bed. I'll let it go at Gertrude

(Continued to page 22)



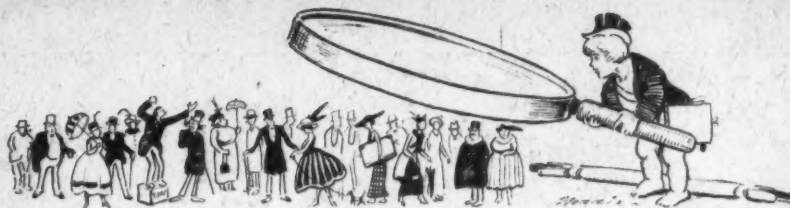
JOSEPH HERBERT, CURTIS COOKSEY, EILEEN WILSON AND LILY CHILL IN "IN FOR THE NIGHT"



GERTRUDE KINGSTON, REGINALD DENNY, AND WALTER BISHAM IN SHAW'S "GREAT CATHERINE" AT MAYNIE ELLIOT'S.



VOL. LXXXI No. 2084



WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 10, 1917

"With Malice Toward None; With Charity for All"

IN his masterly address to the Senate, President Woodrow Wilson, the new Lincoln, delivered a message that will live in American history side by side with the Declaration of Independence. The author of "The New Freedom" has outlined America's position towards "The New Peace."

We reproduce the most characteristic extracts from the great message:

"The present war must first be ended."

"The treaties and agreements which bring it to an end must embody terms which will create a peace that is worth guaranteeing and preserving, a peace that will win the approval of mankind, not merely a peace that will serve the several interests and immediate aims of the nations engaged."

"The elements of that peace must be elements that engage the confidence and satisfy the principles of the American Governments, elements consistent with their political faith and the practical conviction which the peoples of America have once for all embraced and undertaken to defend."

"It must be a peace without victory."

"Victory would mean peace forced upon the loser, a victor's terms imposed upon the vanquished."

"Only a peace between equals can last."

"The right state of mind, the right feeling between nations, is as necessary for a lasting peace as is the just settlement of vexed questions of territory or of racial and national allegiance."

"The equality of nations upon which peace must be founded, if it is to last, must be an equality of rights."

"No peace can last, or ought to last, which does not recognize and accept the principle that Governments derive all their just powers from the consent of the governed."

"Peace cannot be had without concession and sacrifice."

"These are American principles, American policies. We can stand for no others. And they are also the principles and policies of forward-looking men and women everywhere, of every modern nation, of every enlightened community. They are the principles of mankind and must prevail."

Our "Unpatriotic" Navy Department

THE Navy Department wished to buy some large calibre shells. It advertised for bids; and one of the bids — the lowest — came from an English concern. The English company, with its rock-bottom bid, was to fill the Navy's orders for shells.

But the British Government stepped in and interfered on the ground that it needs all the shells England can produce. The really interesting feature of the bid opening at the navy Department, was the effect of the English bid upon the American shell manufacturers. Immediately, they began to hedge, to revise their figures. Perhaps the latter were a trifle high — perhaps they *might* be shaved a little. Indeed, the American shell manufacturers suddenly seemed to see a great light.

Secretary Daniels has served as a target for severe attacks from time to time in various parts of the country. Since Mr. Bryan resigned as Secretary of State, all forms of abuse were transferred to his friend, Josephus Daniels. Most of these attacks were, apparently, inspired by the American munition manufacturers, whose schemes to enrich themselves at the expense of Uncle Sam were blocked by the courageous Secretary of the Navy, who is not afraid to introduce reforms in keeping with the high ideals of the Wilson administration.

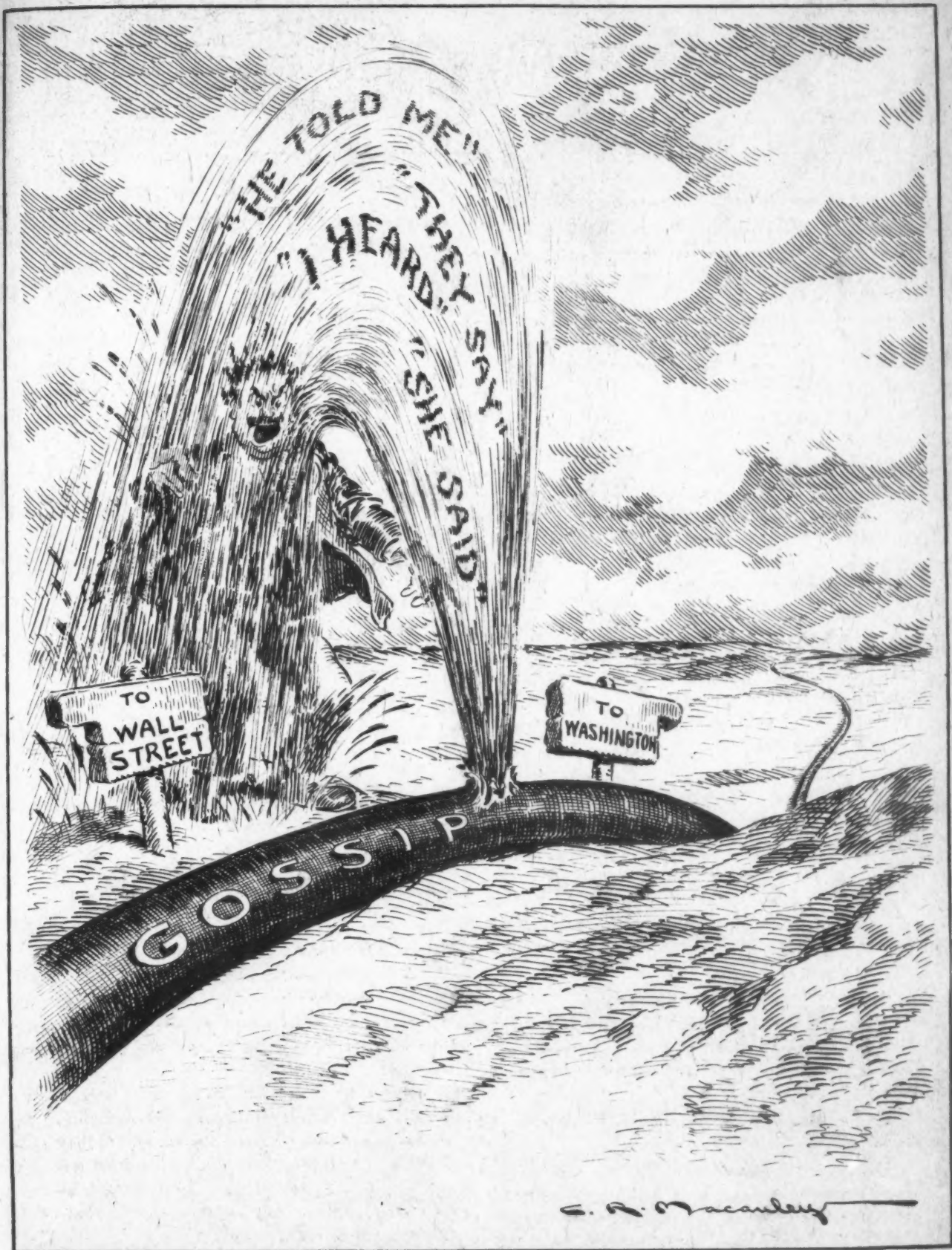
The sense of patriotism of the American munition manufacturers was especially outraged because of the "unpatriotic" spirit prevailing in our Navy Department.

Complaint of the Stupid

IT is only stupid people who complain that they are misunderstood. If they were not stupid, they would know that there is absolutely no such thing as being understood and, therefore, that there is nothing whatsoever to be gained by complaining about it.

Wise people who want to be understood, do not spend their time complaining, but in perfecting, some means of expressing themselves by which they may reveal to the world about them some slight remnant, at least, of their souls or their minds or their ideas or their discoveries or their eccentricities or whatever it is they want to make known.

When you complain about not being understood, the only thing you make clear is that you are a complainer.



The Leak

— Drawn by C. R. Macauley

The Spirit of St. Valentine Loquitur

I am the Spirit of St. Valentine.

I am the most famous and the most revered matchmaker the world has ever known.

Though I am never far from the hearts and thoughts of human beings and though I never lose an opportunity to level the barriers that separate two aching hearts, still there is a special day, once a year, upon which I make an extra effort to intrude upon the attention of mortals.

For this, after careful consideration, I chose the fourteenth of February, which is near the end of winter, when the sun has risen well up in the heavens and promises soon to bring the warm breath of Spring.

Then it is that all nature is preparing to awaken and throw off the lethargic chill of winter and when the fancies of men, more forward than the rest of nature, lightly turn to thoughts of love.

Then it is I give them the benefit of my repertoire of artifices which are numerous and varied. I have all conceivable kinds of sly schemes cleverly designed to conquer the shyness of timid lovers and embolden them to deliver their amorous messages to expectant, palpitant maidens.

I strew the path of love with tender verses, bleeding hearts, sweetly sentimental sayings, gaily cavorting Cupids, prettily colored pictures of sighing lads and bashful lassies, all put together in a highly ornamental fashion. Thus have I started off many a couple on the road to happiness.

I have no fear for the future. Other saints may be allowed to languish and sink into oblivion, but this will never happen to me. Until the last man succumbs to one of the dreadful cataclysms which pessimistic scientists promise us for a few million years hence, the Spirit of St. Valentine will never be wanting in popularity.

— Ellis O. Jones.

Sic Transit

Miss MacNaught had a fine pig slaughtered last Saturday.

— Windham Co. (Conn.) Observer.



Dream Life



HER VALENTINE

— Drawn by Ralph Barton

Vandal Valentines

To a Fair Manicuriste

(With Wife looking over my shoulder)
Gorgeous creature — blonde and bland —
Throned within the barber shop,
Why with realms at your command
Do you deign to hold my hand?
How my heart goes hipty-hop!
(Second thought!) I'd better stop.

Anent the T. B. M.

Is there no rest at all for him
From Wall Street's frenzied fray?
Within that brain do dollars dim
Our glittering to-day?
Or flits there by — a shapely limb
And eke — a cabaret?

To a Small-Time Songstress

You shout before us night and day
In strains that never tire.
How you would like to go away
To Howling Forks or Fullerhay?
Your soul seems all on fire

To be where chickens cluck and play,
Where tadpoles dart and donkeys bray.
Whatever the inducement be
One song from you and fervently
I second that desire.

— E. L.



THE NEWS IN RIME

Verses By BERTON BRALEY

Drawings By MERLE JOHNSON

It's Wilson's endeavor
To end strife forever—
Bid armaments dwindle and cease,
And turn all the nations
From war's desolations
To join in a union for peace.

Though loud-mouthed derision
May call it a "vision,
A plan that is nonsense to view,"
Remember, oh schemers
And scoffers, that dreamers
Have sometimes made visions come
true.

George Dewey has ended
A life that was splendid—
His body lies cold in its place;
His spirit is bossing
A star-dreadnought, tossing
On infinite oceans of space.

It's lately recorded
Our navy's awarded
The Hadfields that shell-making job;
The price was the reason,
But loud cries of "Treason!"
Are coming from Charlie M. Schwab.

O'er seas that are foaming
A vessel went roaming,
Arrayed for full many a raid,
And ship captains British
Grew nervous and skittish
Wherever that German boat strayed.



Their boldness was shrunken,
Their spirits were sunken,
Their ships met a similar fate,
While losses titanic
Put Lloyds in a panic
And Germany chortled, elate.

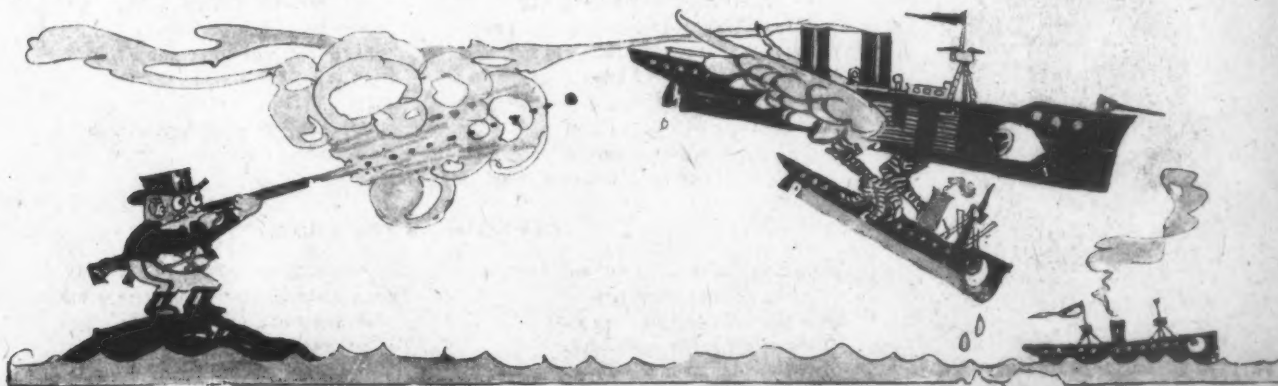
Then next came advices
That once more a crisis
Impended 'twixt Potsdam and us
—Thus Germany's raider,
Which bilked the blockader,
Has certainly stirred up a fuss.

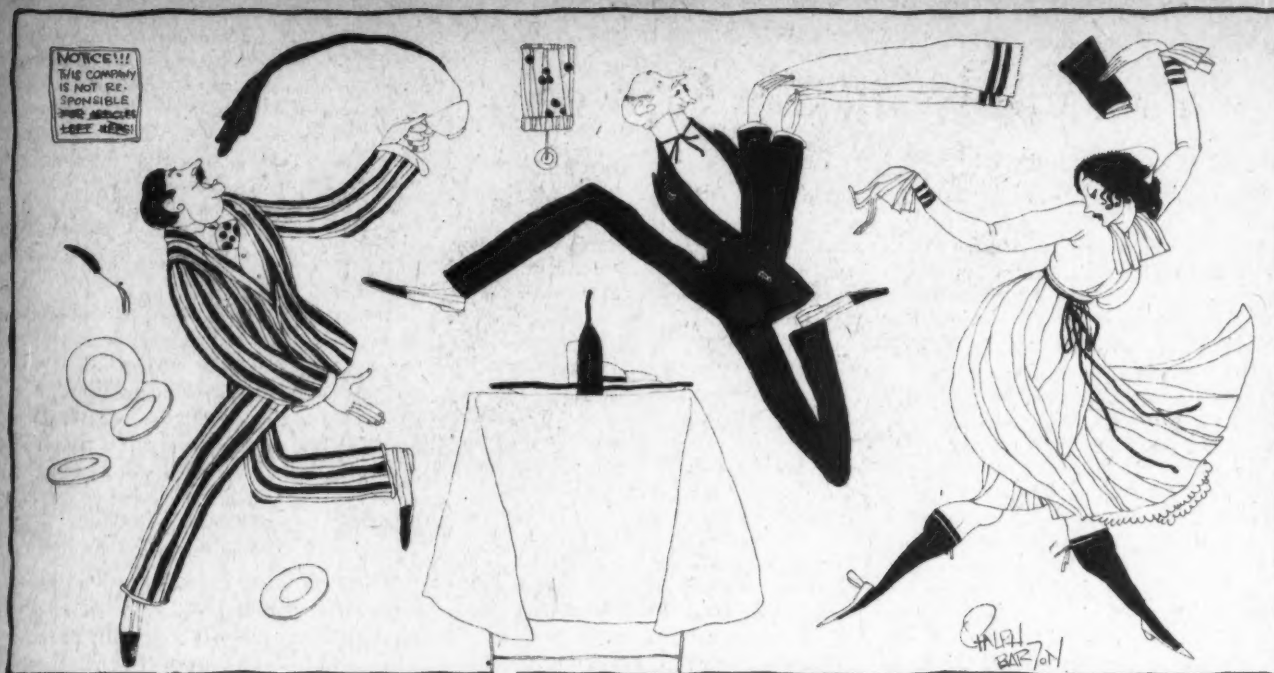
Our troops will withdraw a
Long way from Chihuahua,
Which may be an excellent thing,
But we wonder whether
(Considering weather)
They'd better not wait until spring.

The G. O. P'S. seething
With ructions, and breathing
Dire curses like "Pshaw!" and "tut!
tut!"
There's rancor excessive
'Twixt members progressive
And those who are "anything but!"

Greece seems to be quiet,
Sedition and riot
Are only observed now and then.
Chicago is after
The trail of the grafter,
And London wants "lights on" again.

There's talk in Manhattan
Of cutting out Latin
From school-books, and letting Greek
drop.
More news put before you
This issue, might bore you,
And, anyhow, here's where we stop!





-- Drawn by Ralph Barton

Love in a Ragtime Restaurant

By Elias Lieberman

Characters

ATABOY, a diner
FUNICULI, a waiter
SADIE SPEED, a cashier

Scene

Slammer's Restaurant on the Only Way

Time

Somewhere between late supper and early breakfast

(Sadie pats a side-curl into place and looks haughtily in the direction of Funiculi, who in the absence of patrons is playing on musical glasses and stepping rhythmically in accord with the tune.)

FUNICULI:

I'd rather do, this than serve, sis;
All that I need is my nerve, sis;

Step along, step along, step along.

(Sadie in perfect rhythm pushes back the cuticle from her pink nails with an orange stick. Looking out, she observes Ataboy trying to open the door. His condition is a trifle muddled but ecstatic.)

SADIE (amused):

When you're a-fumblin', kid,
Foozled and mumblin', kid,
Just as you're tumblin', kid,
Hear 'em sigh,
Hear 'em cry.

"I hear you calling me,"

Down by the old front door.

(Sadie one-steps out, opens the door and Ataboy enters jigging.)

ATABOY (with sudden longing):

There may be many peaches along
the Only Way

But they're lemons to you, Clo,
Just citrons to you, Clo,
Never fear, you're a dear I've been
hunting all the year.

There may be many peaches along
the Only Way

But C — L — O, Clo,
Spells me and you, Clo,
So get me straight, kid,
And sure as fate, kid,

You'll be there
With a solitaire

On the dearest little finger in the
wide, wide world.

SADIE (seeing a wedding ring on his
finger, very coldly):

I'm only cashier here,
Don't call me dear here,

Sit right down to your coffee and toast;
Clear the coast!

If you don't take a drop, sir,
I'll summon a cop, sir.

Officer! Officer! Officer!

FUNICULI (doing a one hand stand
on the edge of a table while he talks):

What you want and what you get
Aren't always the same.

Order up, order up, order up.

(Ataboy sadly caracoles to a place at the table and immediately begins drumming with both hands and feet. Funiculi does a scarf dance with the waiter's towel flung over one arm and winds up with an æsthetic tableau in which he poses, pencil and pad in hand, ready to take an order.)

ATABOY (with much feeling):

If I can't get a soul kiss from rosy lips,
You snatcher of tips,
I'll have coffee and cake,
Just coffee and cake.

(Funiculi appropriately cake-walks out.)

SADIE (shrugging her shoulders and
snapping her fingers in time):
This may be the land of the brave
and the free

(She waves a pennant)

But no kisses from me, sir.

This is my plea, sir:

When you've got a wife

Who must stand you all her life

She's entitled to take

(There's your coffee and cake)

All the kisses you have.

(Funiculi, having brought in the order, deftly spins the tray on his right index finger and gracefully minuets back to his musical glasses.)

ATABOY (soliloquizing):

She's only an honest working girl

But she's there with the ice,

Right there with advice,

So after this when I want a loving kiss
I'll shut my eyes

(I'm wise!)

And stamp it at home.

(He bites his cake and gulps his coffee to quick time. Sadie sways gently from side to side, snaps her fingers and reads, "Can A Girl Forget?" by the author of "A Rag and a Bone: or, The Vampire Bride.")

The Fable of the Cipher

By M. E. Ravage

The other night after the theater I wandered into one of those gay establishments on Broadway that so justly call themselves institutions because they have long since ceased to be restaurants. I say "gay," but the reason why I go to them is that their brazen hilarity is so profoundly sad that I find them the only place where a foolish jester like myself can get a glimpse of the great tragedy of this life.

I did not have to wait very long. I mean I did not have to wait for the pathetic business to begin. The lobster à la Newburgh and the crème de menthe did not come until I had completely worked up these present reflections.

I had not been there more than a minute or so when from out the maze of tables and bunting and richly upholstered ladies and holiday-making clerks there swam forth an airy being right into the very middle of the dance floor. Yes, "airy" was decidedly the word for her. For air was what she walked on, and air was what she was clad in. As I sat there watching her incredible feats and her incredible feet, those lithe movements of her supple body, those graceful whirlings and statuesque attitudes, I suddenly thought of Pavlowa. I thought of Pavlowa because this airy creature was so different.

And then by some queer trick of fancy that Freud might perhaps explain, I recalled the ambitious period-dot that started out to become a capital O and ended up as a cipher. And then my mind got to whirling with the fairy dancer and landed in Washington Square, where there are so many mute inglorious Miltons, and so many Rodins and Whistlers and Beethovens that somehow got lost on the way and never arrived. How many crack-voiced tenors, I wondered, had started out to be Carusos and ended up by singing to me and the like of me in this precious Broadway institution?

And I fell into a reverie, and — here is where my fable begins.

I was writing feverishly. Inspiration was on me, and noble thoughts were fashioning themselves into beautiful poems. I seemed to be alone, and yet from out the silences I had certainly heard a sigh. I listened. Was I hearing things? And then I was almost startled to hear human speech in the most fantastic voice that ever uttered sound.

"It makes me laugh," it said and sighed again. "Oh, silly, golden dreams!"

"Who is speaking?" I asked, a little nervously.

"Only your humble servant, the pencil you write with," was the answer.

"Oh yes," I said quite naturally, as if I was used to holding these conversations with pencils and things. "But didn't you sigh just now? I thought I heard you sigh. Is anything the matter?"

"Oh no. I was merely thinking of some-

thing — something that happened so long ago it is amazing how I remember it. I wonder what brings it back. Ah, vanity, childish dreams."

"What is that you said about dreams?" I asked, hanging on to the only substantial word in the pencil's speech.

"Yop, dreams." And it snickered audibly. "You would hardly believe it now, but I once dreamed of adorning a pretty lady's hand. And here is where I end."

It was my turn to sigh.

"Oh, now," my pencil continued, "Don't you take me seriously. I have made a bit of a mess of my career. But I am a happy soul all the same. Dreams are fine things in their way, but it is rather too much to expect them all to come true. I don't know what would have become of me without them. I am not much even as it is. But if it had not been for that fantastic ambition of becoming a diamond and playing with the sunrays I should long ago have burned out somewhere, and even my ashes would have been scattered to the four winds by this time.

"Oh, when I realized that I should never get beyond the graphite stage I was very,

very unhappy and mourned a long time. But I did not even get a chance to mope. One day I was dug up out of the mine, and shortly after I was made into what you see. And then how it hurt my vanity to be flung into a vast box with other innumerable pencils! It was hard to be reduced to a level — after those lofty dreams."

"And to what, I pray you, do you ascribe your failure," I inquired, just to be saying something.

"I don't know. They said it was the want of the necessary pressure, outside pressure. What does it matter? Where now is the glory of being a diamond, anyhow? Am I not performing a humble but indispensable service in the transmission of ideas? And what of the gentler qualities that sorrow and resignation have brought to the surface in me? The diamond is a hard character, very conceited and seldom of any earthly use.

"Remember, moreover, I was a good-sized lump of coal in the early days. As graphite I was just about big enough for the average pencil. Think — after the pressure — what a tiny diamond I should have made. . . .

"But this is beginning to sound like consolation. Let us get back to work."

But I did nothing of the sort. I wondered how much pressure it would require to reduce me to the size of one of our great poets. . . .



—Drawn by Welsh

NEEDLESS APPREHENSION

THE FOREMAN: But we are slack of work ourselves. If I found anything for you to do it would be taking work from my own men.

THE APPLICANT: The little I would do would't harm anybody, sir.

The Affectionate Burglars

(Continued from page 9)

the safe and closing the store for the night. He worked in an unhurried, casual manner, markedly unmetropolitan.

Five metropolitans noted this as they halted in front of the store and looked in. That they were metropolitans could be seen at a mere glance. None of the inhabitants proper dressed that way of a quiet Paterson evening. Had Sackett street been awake the children, ere now, would have been yelling: "Look, lookit! Five! Five! And all got stovepipes!"

Evening dress, faultless and complete to the last detail, made the five men seem incongruous on this quietest of quiet thoroughfares. They looked like persons who had strayed from the bright lights of Longacre Square, New York, quite by accident.

However, developments were to prove that they were on Sackett street quite by design. After gazing through the jewelry window for about a minute one of them, a tall, graceful man, turned to the others and said in a low tone, "Well, we might as well go in, boys."

In marched the five, the sameness of their attire making them look for all the world like chorus men in a musical comedy, although there the resemblance ceased. The little man looked up. The appearance of the visitors not only astonished, it puzzled him. He eyed them inquiringly.

Right to business went the spokesman for the callers.

"My dear sir," he began, "you may never have seen us before, but we are your friends — and your best friends, at that. For our part we have never seen you before, but despite that we have for a long time known and loved you as our friend. And we have called to prove — in a rather concrete way — our appreciation of the many courtesies you have extended us in the past."

"I — I don't understand," said the little jeweller. "Really, gentlemen, what — what do —"

"Of course you don't understand," interrupted the debonair leader. "That is what we are here to explain. And if you will kindly not interrupt, we will say our say, fulfill our commission, and leave you to yourself, dear benefactor of ours."

"To proceed, we have heard of your difficulties. And when so good a friend of ours gets into difficulties, why should we not perform our mightiest to aid him? When we first heard about it we said, 'He shall not suffer. We must go to his aid.' And so here we are."

"Know, above all, that we are artists of the first magnitude. Ours is a precarious profession, just as is literature, or painting, or music. Not only is skill required, but encouragement, and, in all cases — sustenance — money, if you please to call it by that name."

"When a great mind, who has spurred struggling young artists on to achievement, falls into financial difficulties — and that happens every now and then — what do the artists who have profited by his inspiration do? They help him, to the best of their ability. What does their ability consist of?

Their art — their artistic services. Hence, they contribute their services.

"If they are actors, they stage a benefit in a Playhouse and pool their theatrical services, turning over the box-office receipts to the suffering object of their affections. If they are successful writers, they arrange a literary evening and auction off their rejected manuscripts to an admiring populace. If they are pugilists they hold a benefit stag and give each other black eyes for the cause of their fellow-pugilist in trouble. Do you follow me?"

"Not yet," answered the little jeweller.

"Presently you will. For you, my dear sir, I now inform you, are our benefactor and patron. Through carelessly locked doors, through safes with easy combinations, through flimsy rear windows, you have proved yourself a constant encouragement to struggling young burglars. By your patronage have we prospered, and so, when we read in the New York papers that our great patron was in financial straits, there was only one honorable course open to us, and we took it. We decided to hold a benefit for you."

"Now, sir, don't look surprised. A benefit, in which we were all to pool our artistic services. And that is exactly what we did. We set aside one evening for the affair, and upon that momentous occasion I and my four colleagues each picked out a jewelry store in a different city and — rifled it."

"We had to go to a great deal of trouble and some of us were nearly arrested, but we got what we came for, and that, after all, was the principal thing. Then we met at our rendezvous in the great city of New York, put aside one-half of the collected unset diamonds and — my dear sir and benefactor, here they are!"

The spokesman extended a wallet. The jeweller, after a slight hesitation, reached out a hand and received it. He opened it and looked in. From their bed in absorbent cotton dozens and dozens of diamonds sparkled with a brilliance that forbade concentration of gaze upon them. They were the real thing! Satisfied, his face beaming, the jeweller closed the wallet and thrust it into an inside pocket.

"Beautiful! Beautiful!" he raptured. "Ah, you are truly my friends, you are truly —"

There was a noise at the door, and all the men in the store turned to see six policemen entering.

"Thought we'd look around," said their leader, advancing and eyeing up the silk-hatted quintet suspiciously.

"That's all right, sergeant," said the jeweller, reassuringly. "Just some friends of mine from New York, paying me a little visit."

"Oh, all right, then," said the sergeant. "You know we've got to be pretty much on the watch now. There's been so many robberies of late." He still gazed at the gentlemen in evening attire with no satisfied eye.

"Quite right," said the silk-hatted spokesman. "There have been many robberies of late. You do well to be on the watch. Well, I guess we'd better be going back to town, old man. We'll have to be rising early tomorrow."

LUDEN'S Stop Rainy Day Sneezes

Feet wet—clothing damp? Take Luden's to prevent after effects. Give Quick Relief.

In the Yellow Box **5c**

WM. H. LUDEN
Mfg. Confectioner
Reading, Pa.

LUDEN'S
MENTHOL CANDY **COUGH DROPS**

FOR DISTANCE AND ACCURACY
DUNLOP
GOLF BALLS
ARE UNEQUALLED!

TRY "29" medium or "31" heavy and notice how much better you play!

For sale by Golf Professionals and Golf Clubs.

\$9 per dozen 75c. each

Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd., Birmingham, Eng.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—



It is a shame for any woman to wear soiled white kid shoes!

Rub them lightly with a white cloth and a little—

CARBONA
Cleaning Fluid

—and they will not only look like new, but will be dry and ready to wear in an instant.

This is true likewise of the light colored glazed kid shoes that are the fad of the day, because Carbona cannot injure the most delicate color.

Use Carbona day or night—

it cannot explode

15c.—25c.—50c.—\$1.00 bottles. At all druggists

Shoes made with "F.B. & C." white, bronze, and fancy colored kids are cleaned with Carbona Cleaning Fluid.

The little jeweller smilingly extended his hand.

"Come again, gentlemen," he said. "Always welcome, always glad to see you."

The visitors looked at him gratefully. Here was a man, small in body, but large in feeling, who was "a regular fellow" in every way, who couldn't think of turning over to the police five burglars who came to help him, even though they had come seven times before to rob him. Truly a man!

He escorted them, past the policemen, to the door.

"Take our advice about making your place burglar-proof, Mr. Schulz," said Bannister loudly, for the benefit of the police.

"Thank you, I will," said the jeweller. "But" — and he leaned forward and lowered his voice — "why do you call me Mr. Schulz? I'm not Schulz. I bought this store from him a week ago."

Taking Out The Bray

Surgeons on the western front in the great European War have turned their attention to the poignant shrieks of the army mule, and have succeeded in removing one of the horrors of army life by severing a tiny chord in the mule's neck and thus obtaining a brayless mule. This discovery is fraught with significance for the rest of the world.

If anything proves to be disturbing, seek a way of eliminating it. The logical advance from a brayless mule is a warless world. The surgeons could doubtless effect this by removing a small section of the brains of all European rulers and politicians. The trick will be for the surgeons to accomplish the deed before their patients declare war on them.

This will be difficult; for politicians, though mulish in many respects, are quick with their hands. Besides, they infinitely prefer to see someone else lose his life than to lose any part of their own bodies. We have an idea that the surgeons will stop with the mule.

Up To Her

"These photographs you made of myself and husband are not at all satisfactory and I refuse to accept them. Why, my husband looks like an ape!"

"Well, madam, that's no fault of mine. You should have thought of that before you had him taken."

Unfair Discrimination

SHE: "Don't you think Friday is a very unlucky day on which to be married?"

HE: "Why-er-yes, of course; but why pick on poor Friday?"

He who borrows and stays away,
Won't get a loan another day.

Dwindling

SHE: The checks you give me are getting smaller each time. Why is that?

HE: Why it's-er-because of the scarcity of paper.



"... thanks to Coleman Fairfax, just returned from Richmond, we had our first smoke of a genuine Virginia cigarette."

Whenever you grow a little tired of ordinary cigarettes, just send out for a package of old-time Richmond Straight Cuts. They are choice. The refined delicacy of their fine, old Virginia tobacco offers an agreeable change.

Richmond Straight Cut CIGARETTES Plain or Cork Tip 15 Cents

Also in attractive tins, 50 for 40 cents; 100 for 75 cents.
Sent prepaid if your dealer cannot supply you.



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LEWIS & CLARK TOBACCO CO. MANUFACTURERS

PREFERRED BY GENTLEMEN NOW AS THEN

Just For Fun!

*Kill in this coupon — pin
a dollar bill to it —
and then await
the happiest 13
weeks of your
life!*

PUCK
Madison Square
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Enclosed find \$1.00
for which send me PUCK
for the next 13 weeks.

Name

Address

City and State

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 13)

Hoffman and others, but please consider that the "others" are most important—not at all like the usual disdainful "and others" so contemptuously dismissed. Every "other" was worth while. For the reviewer, of course, these first nights that begin in the morning are a trifle difficult, but that is mere detail. The new "midnight review" is established, and the beauty of being on the top of the Century Theatre, overlooking the Park, is that you are not bored by looking at the Park. You cannot see it, and that is where the charm comes in for the gay Manhattanese. Nature is so melancholy!

Of the musical show—usually a non-descript form of entertainment—the critic can always say "tuneful," "pleasing," "smart," "sparkling," "clean," (sometimes) "lively," "amusing," and "original" (sometimes.) And to do him justice, he generally does use those adjectives. If he should feel at all captious—and he does at times, being human—he can assert that the music is "reminiscent" without fear of contradiction, and that the "book" lacks humor, in which statement he will never be alone. Just the same, the musical show is the critic's keenest bugbear, because in spite of all it usually succeeds. A week later it is all changed and revamped, for it is very elastic, and its own fathers would scarcely know it. It is re-written very much more forcefully than it is written.

The latest is called "Love O' Mike" chastely but emphatically, and is proclaimed as "a comedy with music." It is "presented" by Miss Elisabeth and Mr. Lee Shubert, and it has music by the pervasive Mr. Jerome Kern. Kern, who used to re-compose, or de-compose, Lehar and lordly people from abroad, and to revel in a sort of glorious but quite lucrative anonymity—effacing himself in almost ideal altruism—has of late come to the front as a master of light and frolicsome music. Kern is never banal, nor does he ooze molasses, as so many of his illustrious colleagues insist upon doing. He has something to say. He has odd phrases, and quaint harmonies, and he is not "above the heads." Of course, he will be some day.

Meatlessness

"I see that England has had to cut meat from its menus on several days in the week."

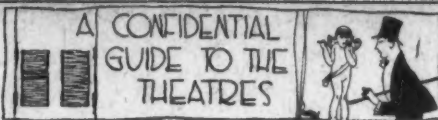
"That's good."

"Oh, you're a pro-German, eh?"

"No, I'm a vegetarian."

Writing of the food situation in Germany, an American newspaper man has this to say: "All Germany to-day is drinking substitute coffee, which is chiefly grain coffee, and everybody seems to get along well on it." Is there an advertising manager from Battle Creek in the house?

Anyone desiring not to quote a movie star as saying, "It is all hard work, but I love it," has our permission.



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Tel. Bryant 392

KLAW & ERLANGER, Managers

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RUTH CHATTERTON

and company including BRUCE McRAE
COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN

By A. E. THOMAS; based upon the novel by
Alice Duer Miller.

Gaiety Theatre Evenings at 8.20,
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TURN TO THE RIGHT Saturday at 2.20

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MANAGEMENT CHARLES DILLINGHAM

Nights at 8.15 Mat. every day at 2.15

"THE BIG SHOW" Staged by
R. H. BURNSIDE

The Diving Venus

ANNETTE KELLERMANN

NEW ICE MAMMOTH MINSTRELS - 100 NOVELTIES
BALLET 1,000 PEOPLE

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ELTINGE Theatre, W. 42nd Street.
Eves. at 8.30. Mats. Wed.
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A. H. Woods presents

Cheating Cheaters

By Max Marcin

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A New Farce by CLARE KUMMER

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WILLIAM COLLIER

In the greatest of all farces

Nothing BUT Truth

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Klaw and Erlanger's Unrivalled Musical
Comedy Success

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MIDNIGHT FROLIC

30 Most Beautiful Girls in the World

SHUBERT ATTRACTIONS

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ASTOR.....Love o' Mike

CASINO.....Her Soldier Boy

39th ST.....You're in Love

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S.....Emma Dunn

Gertrude Kingdon & Co.

**The uncommon
senses—**

**Those that distinguish
and appreciate the fla-
vor and aroma of**

Club Cocktails

which note in every sip the
old and rare liquors, the
master hand of the blender,
and—ageing in the wood
which has completed a work
well begun.

In all their varieties, Club
Cocktails are a credit to
your good taste and your
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The "Bouquet"—



Its rare,
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to Old Overholt Rye a
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has been the favorite of particular peo-
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to the fact that it is as pure, rich and
wholesome today as in 1810. Old Over-
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Rye, aged in the wood, bottled in bond.

A. Overholt & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

To introduce Old Overholt Rye to those
who have not yet tried it, we will send,
express prepaid, a case of 12 bottles of Old
Overholt, 6 years old and bottled in bond,
for \$11.50. Send check or money order.

A Litany of Life

Pray God, when this tumultuous dream is over —

This dream of Life upon the bed of Pain —
And I awaken to the Earth, my Lover —
Pray God, that I shall not have dreamed in vain!

For I have dreamed such dreams of that glad waking —

Such dreams in dreams! — that waking men call Death —

When the dark chamber of my sleep forsaking,
And the sad burden of my heart of breath,

I should go forth, as one who on a morning
Goes forth to sunlight from a troubled bed
And laughs to find the place of his sojourning
A night's oblivion and a land of dead —

And faring forth beyond the mystic portal,
Behold with dazzled eyes the perfect Scheme,
And laugh, "Oh! happy Soul, oh! Soul Im-
mortal,

That fell asleep and suffered in a dream!"
— S. H.

Bring Your Light Appetite

Mrs. Luther Leavitt, Miss Bernice Leavitt, and Mrs. Charles Perrin are to give a poverty social in society hall Friday evening. Light refreshments will be served.

Windham Co. (Conn.) Observer.

Dickens' literature is appearing on the screen apace, to quote a column of movie press items. The screen will never touch the top rung of achievement, however, until Charley Chaplin stars in "A Tale of Two Cities" and as Sidney Carton causes the guillotine to bounce back after hitting him in the neck.

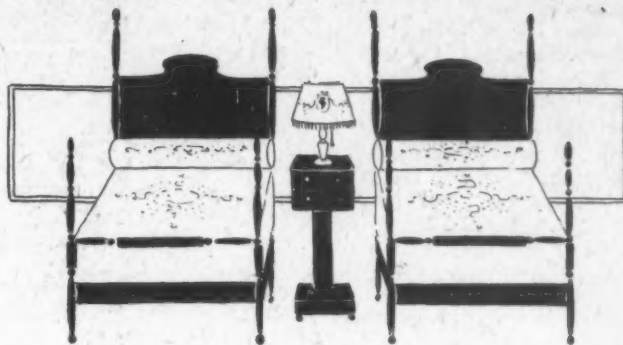
Major-General Goethals took the banqueters over the Panama Canal by means of slides.

— An After-Dinner Item.

Lantern or Culebra?



MOTHER'S VOICE (from house): "Bobby, tell your father I want him."
BOBBY: "He's busy with the new cow, Mother."



Investment Furniture

¶ This is Furniture Month at Abraham and Straus.

¶ The Furniture offered at February low prices is in the nature of an investment security—bought for its permanent interest return of satisfaction—not for a "quick turn."

¶ It has live assets in the essential qualities of beauty and service; and is offered in a wide variety of styles appropriate for city and country homes.

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Beefsteak Dinners
so enjoyable?

**Evans
Ale**

IN BARRELS, BOTTLES and SPLITS

All Dealers or **C.H. EVANS & SONS, N. Y.**

The "literacy test" question is up again. Personally, we prefer one man with character who cannot read or write to ten thousand characterless college graduates.

HOTEL GALVEZ GALVESTON, TEXAS

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On Galveston's famous Seawall Boulevard,
Overlooking the Gulf of Mexico.

Climatic conditions peculiarly conducive to
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Special attention given to
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Cuisine—Service—Comfort—beyond reproach
Booklet on request. Address, P. L. SANDERS,
Manager.

The Future of War and Peace

(Continued from page 7)

in the flesh. They will see the war in the coloring in which the officially stamped primers of history will paint it, that is to say, its crimes and follies will be hushed up or palliated and nothing will be held up to their admiration but highminded rulers, generals and ministers of genius, heroic and glorious soldiers, miserable foes justly chastised for having dared to provoke the victor by opposing his will, the magnificence and might of the triumphant, the humiliation of the vanquished. The only effect of this arrangement of history will be that its students will envy their predecessors for having seen and done such grand and glorious things.

What will decide war and peace in future as at present and in the past will not be the lessons of a near or distant history which will soon be obliterated in memory, not the sufferings of the actual or former wars which the nerves of the afterborn do not feel, but exclusively the mental development which the peoples will then have attained, the level of public and private morality, and the power of interests contending for predominance in state and society.

War is the work of determined factors, of which the most important are these:

An ambitious, or vain prince craving for glory or advertisement.

A hereditary privileged, titled caste which finds it ever more difficult to defend its dominating position against a rising middle class enriched by trade and industry and cutting out with its money the ancient titles and pompous uniforms of an aristocracy unable to keep pace with it economically; this caste maintains itself only by dint of its prestige, and it is compelled to renew that by war in which it monopolizes the command and puts on its own head the laurels freely offered by the rank and file.

Merchants and manufacturers who tolerate impatiently obstacles to the development of their commerce, set up in foreign countries by prohibitive import duties and unfair competition, gradually work themselves up to such a degree of irritation that at last they determine to conquer with guns the markets which will not open to them peacefully.

Professors and writers who, out of groveling toadyism towards the ruling classes, cripple the soul of youth and poison the mind of the masses by glorifying war, falsifying history, libelling neighbors and rivals, exciting hatred and contempt against them and training their own people to megalomania, suggesting to it greed of conquest, predominance and rapine as sublime national ideals, and finally masses incapable of thinking, too stupid to find out for what miserably egotistical ends the ruling classes and their cads of the professional robe and pen excite their chauvinism, promise them victories, territorial gains and profits, and exalt before them death, wounds, distress, worry, brutalities, the violation of every divine and human law as admirable achievements.

As long as these factors will exist and do their mischievous work, a war of aggression

(Continued to page 25)

When the Rattlesnake Struck



Judge!

When you sent me up for four years, you called me a rattlesnake. Maybe I am one—anyhow, you hear me rattling now. One year after I got to the pen, my daughter died of—well, they said it was poverty and the disgrace together. You've got a daughter, Judge, and I'm going to make you know how it feels to lose one. I'm free now, and I guess I've turned to rattlesnake all right. Look out when I strike.

Yours respectfully,
RATTLESNAKE.

This is the beginning of one of the stories by

O. HENRY

Send Coupon for the 12 Volumes, 274 Stories

It costs 40% more to make these sets, because paper and ink and binding have all gone up. This is your last chance for the low price. Send the coupon.

Up-up-up goes the sale of O. Henry, higher and higher every day. Long ago he reached high above all records, in the world for the sale of short stories. And still the sales climb, until soon there will be no home without O. Henry. 1,600,000 already in the United States! How many thousands in Australia, France, England, Germany, Africa and Asia we cannot tell. And all because O. Henry is among the few very greatest in all literature—greatest in humor, human sympathy, in pity and understanding. The man in the street loves him; the university professor pays him homage. The sale of O. Henry will go on forever, for his is a quality that is undying. But the sale at this low price must close now. So now, while you can, get your set. You must have O. Henry if your library is to be complete. You must have O. Henry if you are to get out of life the beauty and fun it holds. You can have his work at half price if you send the coupon to-day; you can have besides

Last Chance for the Low Price
Send Coupon at once!

KIPLING
6 Volumes, 179 Stories
FREE

Before the war started Kipling easily held place as the first of living writers. Now we know him to be greater than ever. For in his pages is the very spirit of war. Not only the spirit of English war, but the spirit of all war regardless of nation or flag—the lust of fight, the grimness of death, and the beating heart of courage.

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and the two sets of books, 18 volumes, will go to you promptly, all charges prepaid. If they are not the best you ever read, if you do not read them and reread them, send them back at our expense. But send coupon to-day and get the low price. But remember, never again will the low price be offered. This is your last chance. Do not miss it. Send the coupon to-day. You have got to have a set of O. Henry. Do not wait and pay the high price. Send the coupon now and save money.

Review of Reviews Company,
30 Irving Pl.,
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Send me on approval, charges paid by you, O. Henry works in 12 volumes, gold tops. Also the 6 volume set of Kipling bound in cloth. If I keep the books, I will remit \$1 per month for 16 months for the O. Henry set only and retain the Kipling set without charge. Otherwise I will, within ten days, return both sets at your expense.

Name.....
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This beautiful three-quarter leather edition of O. Henry costs only a few cents more a volume and has proved a favorite binding. For this luxurious binding change above to \$1.50 a month for 14 months.

The Future of War and Peace

(Continued from page 24)

will always be possible, and render unavoidable the corresponding war of defence.

The war of aggression is always criminal, and after making up final accounts will always be found ruinous, for the victor also, with the exception of a few individual profit-grabbers. Yet it will not be a thing of the past until the peoples come of age, learn to resist the calculated suggestions of greedy self-seekers, and refuse to sacrifice themselves for the sake of the imposters who exploit their ignorance, their simple mindedness and their atavistic submission to the organized forces of state and society.

This will take a long time; all peoples being still minors. But the day of their maturity will come all the same. And when the peoples will have learned to see through the state affairs and to manage their own home and international politics, he who will try to set them against a neighbor with the intention of conquest, will get short shrift. Vigorous fists will pummel him, treat him to a thrashing, cold shower-baths, and after that confine him for the rest of his days in an asylum as a dangerous madman with criminal tendencies.

A Suggestion to Lowell and Vicinity

Lowell, Massachusetts, has refused to name a park after James Abbott McNeill Whistler, the painter, because Whistler was always ashamed of having been born in Lowell, and lied with much vigor and aplomb rather than admit it. If the many cities in the immediate vicinity of Lowell are awake to their opportunities, they will erect statues to Whistler inscribed with the legend: "James McNeill Whistler, who was ashamed of being born in Lowell. If he had been born here, he wouldn't have been ashamed of it." If Lowell is sufficiently keen, it will name its park after Whistler despite his defection, and put on the memorial tablet: "This park is named after James McNeill Whistler, who was ashamed of being born in Lowell. He didn't live in Lowell long enough to find out what it was like. This was Whistler's loss." In this way Lowell would prevent the rising generation from the possibility of feeling as Whistler did.

Impish Delight

Fiends of Rev. Edward H. Smith of Inghok, China, were glad to greet him at the Congregational church Sunday morning and hear him tell of his work in a field as large as the state of Connecticut.

—Windham County (Conn.) Observer.

Goethals and the Colonel

General Goethals of Panama fame credits Roosevelt with saying, "Damn the Law! I want the canal built," when vexing technicalities stood in the way of progress. We can well believe it. Didn't the same party say in effect last June: "Damn Armageddon! I want the Republican nomination!"



FLORIDA BY SEA 12-Day Tour \$63.40

Leaving New York Saturday of any week, at 1 P. M., via Mallory Line, you have a restful and invigorating sea-voyage down the coast, passing the gem-like Florida Keys and arrive on the fourth day at Key West, the "American Gibraltar"—entrance to the "American Mediterranean"—with its great Naval and Military Stations, sponge fisheries and famous cigar factories. Interesting side-trips can be made to Havana, Cuba, or, via "Over-Sea Railway" to Miami, Palm Beach, etc.

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The Properest Day to Work

Which is the properest day to work?

Saturday, Sunday, Monday?

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,
Saturday, Sunday, Monday?

All regularly working human beings may be divided into two classes: (1) those who find it hardest to go to work Monday morning after resting on the Sabbath and (2) those who find it hardest to go to work on Friday or Saturday morning after working unremittingly all week.

Assuming that everybody likes to go to work when conditions are exactly right, then at least one of these two classes must be psychologically and philosophically erroneous. Which is it? There must be a way of getting at the matter fundamentally and deciding it on a scientific basis. This apparent irreconcilability between the Monday-morningites and the Saturday-morningites is due either to heredity, environment, training, temperament or something else. That is clear.

But which? Let each man honestly ask himself this question and if that doesn't bring the right answer, then we can consult a college professor or a sporting editor or Mr. Roosevelt or Billy Sunday or someone else who is accustomed to answer recondite questions on the spur of the moment.

— E. O. J.

A Revision

The Lord came upon a group of many Nations all armed and caparisoned ready to set upon a certain other Nation which had been found guilty of wishing to increase its dominions and conquer the world.

Then said the Lord unto the Nations: Let the Nation that is without sin pull the first trigger.

All the Nations pondered deeply upon this admonition. Then they dispersed and war was never again heard of upon the face of the Earth.

The Traffic Problem

(Continued from page 11)

feurs on sight. As most of our vehicles consist of limousines occupied by fat, painted ladies who could not run an automobile, the fat, painted ladies would stay at home and display their pearls from their windows.

2. Compelling feminine passengers in automobiles costing more than \$2,000, to conform to the lines of the car they happen to be riding in.

3. Compelling passengers in high-powered automobiles to get out every three blocks and try to cross the streets in front of their own cars.

The first two causes removed, the problem of the traffic policeman is comparatively easy. The traffic policeman is a menace to every life but his own. His sole object is to inveigle the trusting pedestrian to the middle of the street and then to signal vehicles upon him from four directions. We should either get traffic officers who can stand on their heads and wave their legs and arms simultaneously, or remove them altogether.

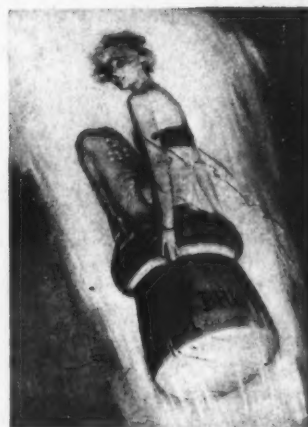
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CREATOR OF CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION



Swoboda

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Become superior to your present self. Conscious Evolution can make a better human being of you physically, physiologically and mentally. You can do more for yourself through the conscious use of the principles of evolution than you can imagine. Evolution can so vitalize every organ, tissue and cell of your body as to make the mere act of living a joy. It can give you an intense, thrilling and pulsating nature. It can increase your very life. I not only promise it—I guarantee it.

The pleasure which is had through the possession of a greater mental, physiological and physical personality is unlike any other pleasure of which a human being can become conscious.

Why permit your weaknesses of body and personality to cheat you out of the real and highest joys of life?

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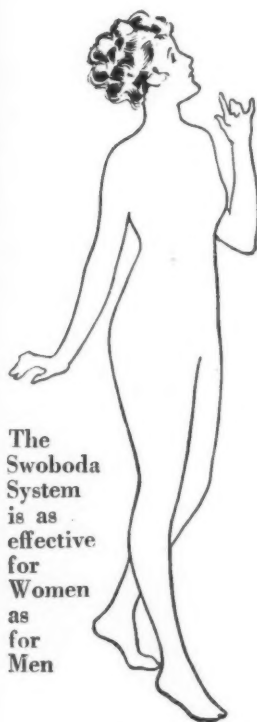
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Alois P. Swoboda, 2202 Aeolian Building, New York City

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What Others Have to Say

"Worth more than a thousand dollars to me in increased mental and physical capacity."

"I was very sceptical, now am pleased with results; have gained 17 pounds."

"The very first lesson began to work magic. In my gratitude, I am telling my croaking and complaining friends, 'Try Swoboda.'"

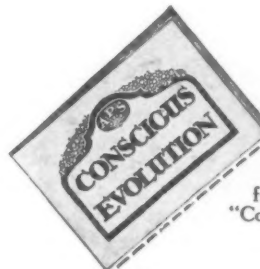
"Words cannot explain the new life it imparts to both body and brain."

"It reduced my weight 29 pounds, increased my chest expansion 5 inches, reduced my waist 6 inches."

"My reserve force makes me feel that nothing is impossible, my capacity both physically and mentally is increasing daily."

"I think your system is wonderful. I thought I was in the best of physical health before I wrote for your course, but I can now note the greatest improvement even in this short time. I cannot recommend your system too highly. Do not hesitate to refer to me."

"You know more about the human body than any man with whom I have ever come in contact personally or otherwise."



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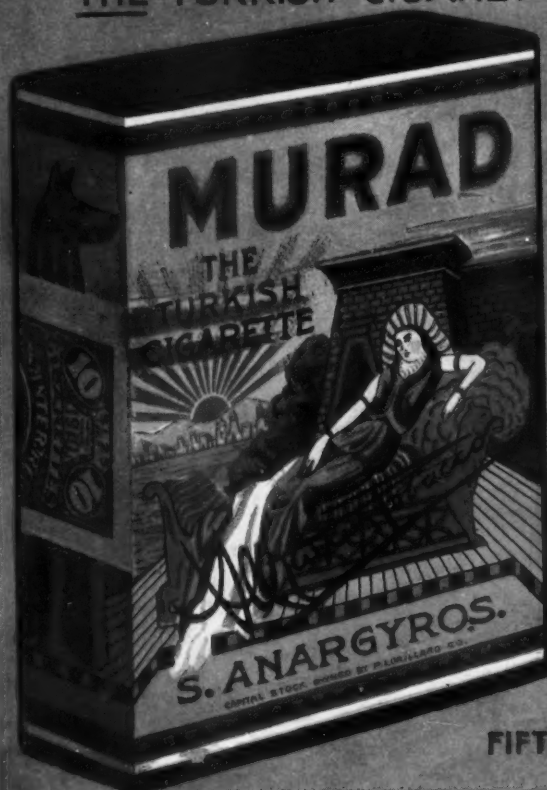
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